

The Greatest Xmas Gift of All



Pa: Roland W. Peterson

As far back as I can remember
we always had Xmas-dinner at Grandma's
This year it would be no different
So as I opened the front door
The smell of baked turkey and potato
pudding was overwhelming

As always I yelled:
"Grandma I am here"
But this time Grandma did not answer
I rushed into the kitchen
and found her bending over the old stove
tending the turkey

Grandma was softly weeping
What's the matter Grandma I asked?
Nothing my dear she replied
"Just reminiscing a little"

That evening sitting down at the
table to have our Xmas dinner,
just as we had for the last forty years,
there was an empty chair, for the first time,
at the head of the table

It was Grandma's turn to say
Xmas grace this year
We were all excited because Grandma
always had so many beautiful things to say

After just a few spoken words with her
trembling voice
Grandma broke down and started to weep.
"I can't, I can't" she kept saying.

She then pointed to me saying:
"You my dear, say what your Grandpa would have
loved to hear you say.
It is the first time in fifty years
that he is not at this Xmas dinner table"
With my choking voice I tried
But there was a lump in my throat

That Xmas no one ate
We all just sat at the table reminiscing
about the good times we had with Grandpa
and about the jokes he told
We all thanked the Lord for sharing Grandpa
all those years with us, for he ... was the
"Greatest Xmas Gift of all".